Andrew County Republican

SAVANNAH, - - MISSOURI

Spring is Coming.

By the bursting of the leaves,
By the lengthening of the eves—
Spring is coming.
By the flowers that scent the air,
By the skies more blue and fair,
By the singing everywhere—
Spring is coming.

All the woods and fields rejoice—
Spring is coming.
Only here and there a voice—
Here of buds the worm has worn,
Here of birds whose nest is torn;
There of those whose life is pent
Far from pleasant sight and scene—
Wails, as if their life's distress
Won a new, wild bitterness—
Spring is coming
—*London Spectator*.

"Our Own."

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night,
And hearts have broken,
For harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the some time guest,
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with that look of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate,
Were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

THE TWIN PORTRAITS.

A rising artist! So Gilbert Lawson was called, but only by a small circle of his especial friends. Otherwise he was entirely unknown to fame. But he was hopeful. Once he saw an eagle leave its nest, and soar up high towards the sun, while its unfeathered young fluttered, but remained behind unable to follow. He felt that it was much the same with himself—the struggles would strengthen his pinions, and he would in time be able to ascend the great ladder of fame. And so he toiled unceasingly.

For some months he had been engaged upon a portrait. He had found his model in a young girl, perhaps twelve years of age. He had first seen her in the streets, and she was a beggar, or the next thing to it.—she was a street-singer. When her voice first fell upon his ears it thrilled him, for it was wildly beautiful. He knew that voice trembled. He saw her hand as it was extended to receive the pitiful coin dropped into it, and he observed that this trembled also, and that it was very tiny and delicate. Then he looked upon her face.

Her eyes were of heavenly blue, but wore a sad expression and were downcast. Her golden hair fell in tangled masses over her shoulders—indeed, she was beautiful, although no one but the young and enthusiastic painter had as yet especially noticed that beauty. When he explained to her his wish, her face became radiant with pleasure, which lent it an additional charm.

The picture was completed and the artist sat gazing on it. He could scarcely decide which he loved the best—the original or the semblance. But, dropping a curtain before his work, he arose, and walked to the window, gazing into the street. A sigh escaped him, and so absorbed were his thoughts that he did not observe the entrance of a second party until a hand was placed on his shoulder, and a voice said, "Gilbert, I have called to see your work, as I promised you."

The artist blushed and even trembled, and as he lifted the covering remarked, "Mr. Byrd, my fate depends upon a few words you will speak now. I have thrown my whole soul into this picture, and I am every thing or nothing. You are an old painter—speak candidly—tell me just what you think"

It was some moments before the young man raised his eyes, and then only when attracted by the long-continued silence of his friend. When he did so he saw that Mr. Byrd was pale as death, had sunk into a chair and that he trembled violently. He sprung to his side with a cup of water, and when the old man had partially recovered, he asked, "What, in the name of heaven, is the matter with you, my friend?"

"Where is your model—who is your model?" gasped Byrd.

All was explained, and then the old man continued:

"Take your painting; come with me to my house."

Gilbert followed his old friend, and he entered a superb mansion in due time, and was then taken direct to the studio. His own picture was placed beside another, and it was the young man's turn to start in surprise, for here were two portraits exactly alike with the exception of the dress.

Mr. Byrd now said, "Be seated, Gilbert, and I will tell you a secret which has never been breathed to mortal man before. Twenty years ago I painted the likeness of my only daughter, and the picture you see before you. She was then ten years of age; she is now thirty, and still with me."

"May not this be her child—this model of mine?"

"Listen. At the age of nineteen my daughter did as many a good girl has done before her—she married, without my knowledge, one who was to me an entire stranger and nearly so to her. That husband proved to be a villain, for in two years after, he forsook her. More than this—he took with him a little daughter by the name of Gracie. The blow nearly killed the mother and even time has never healed the wound. I have made every effort to trace out the man, and recover our darling, but in vain. I gained such information, however, that I was satisfied he had died miserably in a distant town, and we have given little Gracie up as forever lost. Now you can account for my agitation when I first saw your painting, can you not?"

"I can divine your thoughts."

"What is the name of your model?"

"I only know her as Katie, the street-singer."

"You know where she can be found?"

"Yes."

"Let us go for her at once."

In two hours after, the little beggar entered the splendid saloon of the Byrd mansion. She was bewildered, for she had never gazed upon so much elegance before, except as she had seen it from the streets through the closely curtained windows. Her confidence was soon restored, however, by the kind treatment she received, and then she was conducted to the study.

As her eyes fell upon the pictures, she stood motionless for a time, and then said, "Why, you have painted two pictures of me, instead of one, Mr. Gilbert."

"Yes—would you not like a copy?"

"Oh, so much!" she answered, her eyes becoming brilliant in anticipation.

"You shall have one of them. Which do you prefer?

"This, I feel as if I could love it!"—and the young creature knelt before the mother, while tears filled her eyes.

This was too much for the grandfather. He sunk into a seat, and covered his face with his hands, while the tears trickled through his fingers.

"What is your full name?" asked Gilbert.

"Katie Courtney. I thought you knew that before."

"Courtney was his name," groaned the old man.

"Do you remember your parents?" again asked Gilbert.

"Only my father. He was not very kind to me, and died in Plymouth several years ago."

"And you have been singing for your bread ever since?"

"I have."

"Well, if you are to have the picture, I want you to sing me a song now. You will do so, will you not?"

"Oh, yes, willingly."

She began one of her wild strains, and the dwelling was filled with melody.

This had not long continued before the door of the study was opened, and a lady entered the room. She was pale, and staggered as if suffering from great weakness. She clutched the back of a chair for support, and then asked in a faint voice, "Who is this singer.

To have answered in words would have been useless, however, for her eyes had fallen upon the face of the child; and, with a dull shriek, the mother fell fainting upon the floor.

In an instant, Katie, or Gracie, as was her real name, was by her side. As she gazed upon the marble face, she exclaimed. "Oh, this is the other picture!"

"Can you imagine who it is?"

"Not my mother! Oh, tell me, is it my mother?"

"It is."

Joy never kills. The orphan child at this moment gave vent to her feelings in sobs, caresses, and words of endearment; and it was not long before the mother was fully conscious of her great happiness.

Those twin portraits had been the means of uniting those loved ones, who had been so long and cruelly separated.

An Englishman's Criticism of the Trade Dollar.

"Ten cents more, sir; trade dollars are only worth ninety cents, and we can't take them for any more than their market value."

The speaker was a clerk in a well known business establishment on Montgomery Street; the person addressed unmistakably foreign in costume and English in feature; the transaction which called forth the remark, the tendering of a trade dollar in payment of a bill.

"Aw, hem, sir, you don't mean to say that—aw—you—aw—can't take a dollar for a dollar?" said the foreign gentleman with an air of wonderment.

"I said that we can't take trade dollars, sir, for more than ninety cents," replied the clerk, good naturedly but firmly.

"Well, sir, dem me sir, if this is not the most demnible country, sir, that I have ever seen, sir," excitedly remarked the tenderer of the trade dollar. "Here is a coin, sir, bearing the—aw—stamp, sir, of the Government—aw—of the United Statas, which professes to be a—aw—to be a dollaw, and yet, sir, you say it is only worth—aw—ninety cents."

"Just the remark which I made, sir," said the still complacent clerk.

"I am just from the colonies, sir," said the now thoroughly disgusted customer; "am—hem—an Englishman, sir, as you may probably have observed. Now—hem—in the old country, sir, a shilling is a shilling, and a guinea is a guinea, and I supposed a dollaw in this country was a dollaw. But—aw—hem—as you say," he continued, "this is not a dollaw, may I ask you, sir, what is the dollaw of this blarsted country?" It is unnecessary to say that the conundrum remains unanswered.—*San Francisco Bulletin*.

How an Operator was Electrified.

"As a mark of regard, Mr. Stewart bequeaths to Mr. Hilton the sum of $1,000,000." There are tricks in all trades, says the Galveston (Texas) *News*, telegraphy not excepted. In transmitting the Associated Press dispatch on the deceased millionaire's will from New Orleans to Galveston, the operator at New Orleans, desirous of perpetrating an April fool on the sagacious youth "taking press" at this end, sounded the above, without cracking a smile, so as to read thus: "As a mark of regard, Mr. Stewart bequeaths to Mr. Robert Irwin, Galveston, the sum of $1,000,000." The operator at Houston (a way-station on the wire), who had his ear to the sounder in his own office, lost no time in breaking in with the irrelevant ejaculation, ——! which repeated itself both at New Orleans and Galveston. Notwithstanding the fact that the interruption came with the swiftness of lightning (it could not well have come otherwise), Irwin confesses that his heart "bounced" up into his throat at the suggestion of his suddenly acquired "wealth." His ecstacy was of short duration, however; the Crescent City man quickly apologized with, "Oh, mistake! Should said Mr. Hilton." Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long.

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

THERE are 10,336 American exhibitors enrolled for the Centennial.

IT is proposed to exhibit a collection of the amateur journals published in this country and Canada.

THE Philadelphia Councils will probably appropriate $10,000 for the Fourth of July pyrotechnic display.

AN American flag made of silk, and costing $3,000, will float over the main entrance to the Centennial Exhibition.

THE largest anvil in the world, weighing 1,400 pounds will be exhibited by Messrs. Fisher & Norris, of Trenton, New Jersey.

THE Canadian Commission has applied for space for the exhibition of 150 horses, 150 head of neat cattle, and other live stock.

THE steamship Vaderland, from Antwerp, brought 320 cases of furniture, embroidery, silks, plate-glass, linens, lace, show-cases, and other articles for the Exposition.

THE largest trophy in the Norwegian collection will be a representation, made up of iron implements and the like, of a Viking ship, with a figure of a Scandinavian warrior at the mast.

PROF. JOHN K. PAINE, of Harvard, has been selected to compose the music for the Centennial Hymn, written by John G. Whittier for the Fourth of July celebration at Philadelphia.

IF 80,000 articles are on exhibition at the Centennial, and the visitor devotes five hours of each day to the Exhibition, giving one-half minute to the examination of each article, it will take him five months to go through.

GEORGE WASHINGTON bequeathed his family Bible, in three volumes quarto, to Lord Fairfax, who left it to the Herbert family. It has an autograph of the "F. of his C.," and copious notes by Bishop Wilson, the editor and giver. This Bible will be exhibited in the book department of the Centennial.

THE State of Minnesota has no building at the Centennial, but the City of Minneapolis pluckily built one and shipped it to Philadelphia. She will exhibit the premium flour, as handsome blankets as were ever made in this country, plows, axes, paper barrels, pails, boots and shoes, carriages and cutters. Twenty-five years ago the city was an Indian reservation.

IN the cargo of the steamer Columbus, recently arrived from Havana, were 300 cases of choice tropical plants from the Acclimation Gardens, Havana. They form the rarest and largest collection of the kind ever seen in this country, and embrace choice varieties of the cactus and palm, several date trees in full bloom, cocoanut, bread fruit, and aguaves.

THE number of persons in Europe who, during the next six months, will see the Centennial Exhibition will doubtless be very large; but that it will not exceed 50,000 is certain, because the present supply of steamships could not carry more than that number of cabin passengers, and there is no probability that the supply will be increased. 25,000 is the average number of first-class passengers carried by all the steamers from May to November from Europe to New York; that is to say, about one hundred passengers weekly for each of the 10 lines.

Coaching Clubs.

The New York *Graphic* gives the following account of the latest hobby of "swell" New Yorkers:

This afternoon will be witnessed the inspiring spectacle of a parade of the Four-in-hand Coaching Club of this city. The drags will be assembled along the east side of Madison Square, and the start will be made at a quarter before 4 o'clock. Eight drags will be present, belonging respectively to the following owners: Mr. Jay, Mr. Bennett, Mr. A. G. Rice, Mr. Douglass, Mr. Jerome, the Knickerbocker Club, Mr. Delancey Kane, and Mr. Frederic Bronson. The drive will be up Fifth Avenue to Stetson's at Central Park, and returning down the avenue to Washington Square. Thence the coaches will return to the place of starting. The rate of driving will be slow—about six miles an hour. The ordinary rate of driving is about ten miles an hour, including stoppages. Mr. Jay has brought his drag from Jerome Park to Twenty-eighth Street, a distance of eleven miles, in fifty-nine minutes.

The kind of horses sought after for this service are called "chunks." They are "cob" built, being in a breed by themselves. It is required that they should be high steppers with thoroughbred heads and with bodies heavy and well put together. Large horses are not accepted, because in the rapid action demanded they are apt to cut themselves and each other. All colors are acceptable, though the popular idea of a cob in England is that he must be a roan. High speed is not wanted. Mr. Bronson endeavored to import a span of cobs recently, but the one of the purest breed died on the passage. The coaches are usually constructed after the pattern of the old English stage-coach, but all modern improvements in the construction of springs and axles are adopted. They are models of road vehicles. The object proposed is to give wealthy young men exhilarating outdoor exercise and to bring about skill in the management as well as an improvement in the road qualities of horses in this country. To show the fascinating character of the sport it is only necessary to state that during the whole of the season Mr. Delancey Kane only gave up the reins to a hired driver on the four-in-hand route he established in England twelve times.

The guard or "shooter" of Mr. Kane's coach that is to begin to run daily from the Hotel Brunswick to Pelham Bridge on May 1, was guard last season on a Tunbridge Wells coach. His name is Fownes. The term shooter is applied to a guard, or what we in America would call a conductor, because in former times when the coaches used to carry the mail he was armed with a blunderbuss as a protection against highwaymen. A horn is still used, but no longer to announce the arrival of the coach at the various stopping places, or to summon persons, living along the route to receive letters and packages. Its modern purpose is to warn vehicles on the road to get out of the way. A gentleman driver who arrives two or three minutes late at any of the stages is called a "gardener," as a term of derision indicating that he is better fitted to trundle turnips and cabbages into market that to hold the reins of a four-in-hand. The guards are always in uniform.

Mr. Kane will have three stages (stopping places) on his route, one at Harlem Bridge, one at Westchester Village, and one at Pelham Bridge. He will make ten miles an hour, including stoppages, for each of which three minutes are allowed. About the middle of June he will extend his route to New Rochelle, whence he will start at eight o'clock into town, returning in the afternoon. In this way a great many business men desirous of a bracing ride to or from their homes in that vicinity will be furnished the opportunity. A charge will be made, but not enough to defray expenses. Twenty valuable horses will have to be kept for the coach. An estimate has been made by a member of the Coaching Club that Mr. Kane's enterprise—which is entirely outside of the Club, although Mr. Kane is a member—will net him a loss of about $2,000 actual outlay, not counting his own time and attention.

A Family Pyramid.

The Louisville *Commercial* says a party of colored individuals took the Southwestern Railroad to visit some relatives near Bakersport, Kentucky. Upon arriving at the depot the aforesaid parties stepped out upon the platform of the car preparatory to getting off the train, which was passing the platform at the depot.

The conductor, seeing the danger they were in, halloed to them not to jump out.

The old negro said:

"I is going to git off here, white man; you can't fool me: I is rid on these here things before to-day."

So saying he leaped from the car upon the platform, and it being covered with sleet, he skated off and fell upon the ground beyond, which lay at least ten feet below.

The old woman followed his illustrious example, and over she went upon top of the old man.

The girl, who weighed about three hundred pounds, followed her mother and became the capping-stone, so to speak, of the perch, though if an artisan could have seen the pyramid he would have thought the base of it had been turned up.

By the time the train stopped the old African presented himself at the end of the platform, much flatter in appearance than when he made his exit.

The last we saw of him he was railing out at the top of his voice:

"Jist like a woman! always wants to visit in bad weather! And now I's got to sue de white folks of this train in the Federal Court for my damages and rights. I is going to do that very thing, if God spares me and I can git a lawyer!"

Two Mighty Hunters.

"I hear they're having great goose hunting now over on Long Island," said Mr. Magruder, in the boarding-house, last night.

"Are they?" said Mr. Maguffin. "I never had much luck shooting geese."

"I suppose not," said Magruder, compassionately; "not much used to firearms, hey? I never read about geese but what I think of a day's sport I had down on Shinnecock Bay one day last year. The geese were flying very thick, and I took my V gun and——"

"Your V gun?" interrupted Mr. Maguffin; "what is a V gun?"

"You will learn further on in the narration," answered Magruder, continuing his story—"and went down there. One morning we saw coming up from the South what I suppose was the biggest flock of geese that ever flew. They came along in their usual way, flying in a triangle, with the leader on the point toward us. I got a fisherman to help hold the V gun, and I took aim and let her go. The charge just cleaned both wings off the leader, and then spread out like a V, and—I am afraid you will scarcely believe me, Mr. Maguffin, but it just went down the inside of each line of birds and carried away their inner wings as though they had been chopped off with a hatchet. Losing their balance from having only one wing apiece, they were thrown violently together by the continued flapping of the outside wings. Every bird was killed by the shock of the collision, and they fell to the earth in a line that measured 491 feet. There were just 809 birds; 404 pairs and the old head goose that was the leader."

"Your speaking of long-necked creatures," said Mr. Maguffin, calmly "reminds me of my giraffe hunt in South Africa. Great sport, giraffe hunting. We had one hunter who was such a fast runner that he would often get clear ahead of the party and catch a giraffe all by himself. Then he'd take a couple of turns of the giraffe's neck around a tree and hold him until we came up. One day I was out alone and I came across two tremendous giraffes together away from the woods. I sneaked up behind them, grabbed them by their heads and tied 'em together by their necks, and there I had 'em."

"Perhaps you'll kindly tell us," said Mr. Magruder, "how you got hold of their heads."

"What! You don't mean to tell me, Mr. Magruder, that you don't know how they hunt giraffes? Why, you ignorant loon, giraffe hunters always wear stilts!"—*New York Sun*.

MR. JOHN SATTERWAITE, of Granville County, North Carolina, aged 64 years, cured himself effectually of consumption, after the doctors gave him up to die, by using the following recipe: One pint of liquor and four tablespoonfuls of old, fat, lightwood-knot sawdust. Dose, one tablespoonful three times a day. Cut mullen leaves in July or August, dry them and make a tea, not too strong, and use night and morning in place of coffee. Mix with sugar and milk to suit taste. Drink one cupful. It is not well to take too much. Mr. Satterwaite still continues the use of the mullen tea, and has great faith in it. He is now hale and hearty, and says the recipe has cured several other consumptives in that county who stood upon the very brink of the grave.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

PLAIN STEAMED PUDDING.—1 pint of buttermilk or sour milk, ½ pint of sweet milk, 1 teaspoonful of soda or saleratus. Thicken with flour to a stiff batter; add raisins or fruit; place in a pudding-dish and steam one hour. Serve with sweet sauce.

CABBAGE SALAD.—1 small cabbage or ½ a large one, 1 cup of vinegar, 2 teaspoonfuls salt, 1 of pepper, 1 of mustard, 6 tablespoonfuls sweet milk, 2 tablespoonfuls melted butter, 1 egg; a little sugar may be added if you like it. Chop the cabbage fine, and scald with the vinegar and spices; add the milk and eggs last, and bring all to a boil, though do not let it boil. Serve hot or cold.

GELATINE APPLES.—Peel and core your apples and cut them in halves; put in a kettle with a pint of water, sugar, sliced lemon, and green ginger, a little whole mace, and 6 whole cloves; boil until they are tender; then remove the apples, and put into the sirup 1 tablespoonful of gelatine, and allow it to boil down about 3 minutes, then pour the sirup over the apples.

BREAKFAST ROLLS.—2 quarts of flour, 2 tablespoons of white sugar, 2 tablespoons of cold lard; rub these thoroughly together, then add a pint of scalded milk partly cooled and two-thirds of cup of yeast; mix milk and yeast with two-thirds of the flour, and set in a warm place to rise. When light mix all together, and mold thoroughly and raise again. When very light, roll out with as little flour as possible; cut in shape; rub melted butter over the top, and fold together. Bake when very light.

BLEACHING COTTON.—It is a well established fact that cotton cloth that is bleached by chemical processes before it goes into market does not wear as well as that which is unbleached, and is very liable in time to turn yellow; also it is very much harder to sew upon it. I have for some years past used the unbleached in preference. Sheets and pillow-cases can be made up far quicker before cotton has been wet, and allowance can be made for shrinking; indeed, any garment can be made if this item is borne in mind. Make a good suds of soft water and lye soap, if you have it; put the cotton cloth in cold suds, and bring it to a boil; then take the cloth or garment out, and when cool spread out on the snow or grass. Have a tub of suds close by so as to dip the goods in once each day. In three days they will be bleached to a snow whiteness, and keep white till worn out. This is the way our grandmothers bleached their marvelous webs of linen and damask, and it is too good a practice to be forgotten, or go out of use. When the apple-trees are in bloom, spread out garments that have turned yellow, after boiling in suds, and they will be cleansed white as snow.—*Country Gentleman*.

An Unsympathizing Voter.

They say that the politician who isn't enthusiastic in the cause of his party is no politician at all, and this may be the motive mental power which forces some politicians to extremes.

In a charter election held in a Western town the other day enthusiasm ran high, and both parties made a lively effort to get out the full party vote. About an hour before the polls closed it was discovered that the leading candidate on one ticket was one vote ahead, with no prospect that he could secure another vote. The opposition polled its full strength, but suddenly remembered that a faithful member was on a bed of sickness. A carriage was driven to his house, and the sick man's wife met the committee at the door.

"My husband is at the point of death," she sadly replied to their interrogatories.

"Couldn't we carry him on a lounge?" queried one of the men.

"He may not live two hours," she replied.

"Couldn't four of us take him on a bed?" continued the man.

"I think he is dying even now," she answered.

"Does he know we are here?"

"He is unconscious."

"Dear me!" sighed the man as he turned away. "I don't see how he can willfully and deliberately lie there and die when his one vote would scoop the opposition higher than a kite!"

The Efficacy of Advertising.

In a conversation to-day between some prominent members of the bar, an interesting reminiscence came up regarding the efficacy of advertising. Several years ago an eccentric bachelor, who had become imbued with the advanced ideas of affinities, advertised for a wife in a paper of small circulation then published in Worcester. He had the advertisement also copied into a phrenological journal in New York. In answer to all applicants he sent a blank to be filled out by the applicant, stating her name, measurement, color of the hair and eyes, and also a daguerreotype. The man never married, but at his death his effects passed to his executors, and with them the blanks and likenesses. Among the legal advisers was a gentleman who now occupies an official position on the bench. He said that he could not tell the number of applicants for marriage. There was a large trunk and a valise filled with blanks and daguerreotypes, and they came from all parts of the country, many of them from the city and persons of respectability. Soon requests began to pour in from persons requesting the return of the blanks and likenesses. The matter caused quite a sensation at the time.—*Worcester Gazette*.

NORMAN MCLEOD was once preaching in a district in Ayrshire, where the reading of a sermon is regarded as the greatest fault of which the minister can be guilty. When the congregation dispersed, an old woman, overflowing with enthusiasm, addressed her neighbor: "Did ye ever hear ony thing sae gran'? Wasna that a sermon?" But all her expressions of admiration being met by a stolid glance, she shouted: "Speak, woman! wasna that a sermon?" "Oh, ay," replied her friend, sulkily, "but he read it." "Read it!" said the other, with indignant emphasis. "I wadna hae cared if he had whustled it."

A PHILADELPHIA saloon keeper has engaged a million rye straws for Centennial times. Such straws show which way the wind blows.

Art Criticism.

A Detroit artist has for the past four or five months been throwing his whole soul into a landscape which is now on exhibition in a Woodward Avenue window. It is called a fine painting by art critics, yet what are art critics in number to the great public, no two of whom see or criticise alike? There was a crowd around the picture yesterday, and a boot-black took a square look at the painting and said:

"Purty good river he painted, but it runs up-hill. Wonder if that artist didn't ever go fishing?"

There was a pause, and an elderly gentleman with spectacles on remarked:

"What strikes me is that all those six cows should be switching their tails the same way and at the same time."

The crowd looked closer, and it was the general opinion that the artist should have switched over some of those tails.

"It's very nice," said a young man with a sore eye, "but look at that log house from a builder's point of view. Why, it's so far out of plumb that it will fall over and hurt some one before night, and the chimney wouldn't draw if there were forty fires below."

There was a long period of silence as each one of the crowd lined the walls with his eye. Then an old woman cautiously remarked:

"No matter about the house or the cows or the river—it's a nice picture. I got two chromos that I paid a dollar apiece for, and don't believe they are a bit better than this!"

There was a woman at her side with a head of cabbage in a basket, and she put in:

"If I can find a nice, smooth board anywhere, I'll have my husband make three or four pictures like that!"

There was another long silence, and then a sedate man, whose garments were fast going to Time's hospital for old clothes, elbowed the boys back with a great show at authority, and remarked:

"You folks don't know any thing about art. You'd better go and criticise a lamp-post or a street sign. There that painter has used up three yards of good factory, a whole day's time, and more'n two shillings' worth of paint, and you ignoramus come around here and go to abusing his picture!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

ROYAL GOLD WATCHES AND CHAINS.—A wonderful and useful invention.—The Geneva Royal Gold Watch Company have appointed Sagendorph & Co., Jewelers, sole agents in the United States for the sale of their Watches and Chains. They with confidence and pleasure recommend these Watches to their old customers, and the public generally. They do not hesitate to pronounce them the cheapest and best Watches that are for sale to-day in the world. The works are purely Swiss, and all jewelers that are acquainted with watch movements know that the Geneva Watches are the finest and most reliable time pieces that have yet been manufactured. The Watches are all incased in Royal Gold, a substance which has the exact color of jewelers' gold. It always retains its color and brilliancy; it will stand the test of the strongest acids, and no jeweler can detect the difference except by weight. Royal Gold is about one-tenth lighter than Virgin Gold. We would not be surprised if, within ten years, more than one-half of the Watches and Jewelry that will be then manufactured will be made of Royal Gold. Millions of dollars' worth of Watches and Jewelry were manufactured of Royal Gold, and sold even to the leading jewelers of Europe, before the secret of this composition was made public. Royal Gold answers every purpose of genuine gold, except for coin, and it seems to us to be a great extravagance to use Virgin Gold when this substance answers every purpose. The Royal Gold Watches are fully equal in appearance to the finest watches made of solid gold. Their $16 Watch, in every respect, looks as well as a $125 Watch; their $18 is equal in appearance to a $150 Watch; their $20 Watch will keep as good time as a watch that costs $500, and it is as beautiful as any Watch that can be bought for $175; their $22 Watch is carried by some of the wealthiest men in this country and Europe, and they would not exchange them for any other. It certainly is a wicked extravagance for a person to pay two or three hundred dollars for a watch, unless they have more money than they know what to do with, when they can buy one for $18 or $20, or even less, that will answer every purpose and be equally as showy. There are four different styles and sizes of Royal Gold Watches, ranging from $16 to $22, and four different styles and sizes of Ladies' and Gents' Watch Chains. They are sold for $2, $4, $6 and $8 each. They have the appearance of a chain that is worth from $65 to $100. No jeweler can tell them from pure gold except by weight. Sagendorph & Co. send Royal Gold Watches and Chains to any part of the United States by Express, C. O. D., with instructions to the Express Agent to allow the goods to be examined before paying one cent on them, and if the consignee is not satisfied with the goods, he need not receive the package. We understand that hundred of Royal Gold Watches and Chains have been sent on the above terms, and not one has been rejected. Reports from all parts of the country state that they give entire satisfaction and keep excellent time. Ten per cent discount will be made to jewelers and others that order by the dozen. Parties ordering should always state whether they wish a Lady's or Gent's Watch or Chain, what price, and by which express they desire it sent. All communications should be addressed to SAGENDORPH & CO., Wholesale Dealers in Watches and Fancy Goods, 691 Broadway, New York.

Thanks "From the Depths of the Heart."

WELLINGTON, Lorain Co., O., Aug. 24, 1874.
DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—Your medicines, Golden Medical Discovery, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, have proved of the greatest service to me. Six months ago no one thought that I could possibly live long. I had a complication of diseases—scrofula, manifesting itself in eruptions and great blotches on my head that made such sores that I could not have my hair combed without causing me much suffering; also causing swollen glands, tonsils enlarged, enlarged, or "thick neck," and large and numerous boils. I also suffered from a terrible Chronic Catarrh, and in fact I was so diseased that life was a burden to me. I had tried many doctors with no benefit. I finally procured one-half dozen bottles of your Golden Medical Discovery and one dozen Sage's Catarrh Remedy and commenced their use. At first I was badly discouraged, but after taking four bottles of the Discovery I began to improve, and when I had taken the remaining I was *well*. In addition to the use of Discovery I applied a solution of Iodine to the Goitre or thick neck, as you advise in pamphlet wrapping, and it entirely disappeared. Your Discovery is certainly the most wonderful blood medicine ever invented. I thank God and you, from the depths of my heart, for the great good it has done me.

Very gratefully, MRS. L. CHAFFEE.

Most medicines which are advertised as blood purifiers and liver medicines contain either mercury, in some form, or potassium and iodine variously combined. All of these agents have strong tendency to break down the blood corpuscles, and debilitate and otherwise permanently injure the human system, and should therefore be discarded. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, on the other hand, being composed of the fluid extracts of native plants, barks and roots, will in no case produce injury, its effects being strengthening and curative only. Sarsaparilla, which used to enjoy quite a reputation as a blood purifier, is a remedy of thirty years ago, and may well give place as it is doing, to the more positive and valuable vegetable alteratives which later medical investigation and discovery have brought to light. In Scrofula or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Goitre, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammation, Mercurial affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin and Sore Eyes as in all other blood diseases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has shown its great remedial powers, curing the most obstinate and intractable cases. Sold by all dealers in medicines.

THERE is still an improvement going on in the strawberry market; the quart boxes now hold nearly a half pint.

The Prevailing Disease of America.

The disease receives different names in various parts of the country. In some sections it is called dyspepsia, in others it is termed liver complaint; sometimes they call it kidney disease, and at others humor in the blood. The fact is, that all these diseases are present to some extent in nearly every case, and this disease prevails to an alarming extent throughout the whole land. Hardly a household but what has some inmate afflicted. We advise those who have the following symptoms to use an effective remedy, and eradicate the disease from the system: There is generally a dull pain in the head, with dizziness at times, foul breath, bad taste in the mouth, irregular bowels, poor appetite and imperfect digestion, distressed, all gone feeling like the gnawing of a cancer in the pit of the stomach, scanty high colored urine, stagnated blood, sunken eyes tinged with yellow, skin cold and clammy, covered sometimes with brown spots, depressed spirits with evil forebodings, a tired, languid feeling, after a time a dry hacking cough, but is followed after a time with expectoration; then a wasting away of the flesh, finally night sweats, and soon death closes the scene. Such is the brief history of thousands in this country, and none of us can be too quick in using the remedy. The safest and surest is the SHAKER EXTRACT OF ROOTS, sold by A. J. White, 319 Pearl St., N. Y. It seems to operate like a charm in these cases. Agents wanted.

TO ALL, particularly invalids, spring is a trying season. Indications of sickness should at once be attended to. Fatal diseases may be caused by allowing the bowels to become constipated and the system to remain in a disordered condition until the disorder has time to develop itself. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, is an old and truthful saying. Therefore, we advise all who are troubled with the complaints now very prevalent—headache, indigestion, disordered liver, want of appetite, nausea, or feverish skin—to take, without delay, Schenck's Mandrake Pills. We know of no remedy so harmless and decisive in its action. It at once strikes at the root of the disease and produces a healthy tone to the system. People never need suffer from any disease arising from a disordered condition of the liver if they would take this excellent medicine when they feel the first indications of the malady. Families leaving home for the summer months should take three or four boxes of these pills with them. They have an almost instantaneous effect. They will relieve the patient of headache in one or two hours, and will rapidly cleanse the liver of surrounding bile, and will effectually prevent a bilious attack. They are sold by all druggists.

Removing Life's Heaviest Burden.

To remove the burden of disease, the heaviest that poor humanity is compelled to bear, is certainly a grand object, a glorious mission. Assuredly the discoverer of a remedy which accomplishes this result is entitled to the gratitude and respect of mankind. Such a remedy is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, whose great success is attributable to the fact that its restorative action upon the debilitated and disordered system is in accordance with the principles of common sense. It invigorates the sick, and, as their strength increases, the burden of disease grows lighter. It reforms those physical irregularities which render weakness chronic, and thus eradicates the evil at its very source. Liver complaint, malarious fevers, constipation, urinary troubles, uterine weakness, and many other causes of general debility and ill health, are completely removed by the combined tonic and alterative operation of the Bitters.

Notice to Subscribers.

Any subscriber to this paper (old or new) who will take the trouble to send his name and address, with twenty-five cents, to pay for postage, mailing cylinder, etc., to the well known publisher, Mr. C. F. Vent, 38 West Fourth street, Cincinnati, Ohio, will receive by mail, guaranteed in perfect order, a copy of Hodgman's Family Album; a full description of which may be seen in our advertising columns. It will be observed that this album is not in the usual book form. It is in the form of an ENGRAVING, which is as sensible and unique in design as it is beautiful and artistic in execution. In order that subscribers ONLY shall reap the benefit of this offer, the publisher's proposition, as it appears in another column, should be cut out and sent with the name and address to Mr. Vent, as above.

CHRONIC CONSTIPATION

is not cured by simply unloading the bowels. The medicine must possess tonic, alterative and corrective properties. These qualities are combined in DR. TUTT'S Pills, and they will permanently cure this serious disease. 18 Murray Street, N.Y.

A FEW doses of Hofmann's Hop Pills when you feel Aguish are a sure preventive.